hining in above the door.
"Twenty-four hours," she said to herself,

oringing her eyes to a level with the crevice

There lay the farm house and its peaceful

surroundings spread out below her like

field of rustling corn lay between.

At first there was no sign of life about

the place, except the patient cows standing

down. But presently, while she waited and

Now, if I was mear enough to hear the

"I s'pose it's Mis' Rhynearson," she mut-

ered, with a resentful snap in her tone.

'H's Just like her cheek to take possession

pies that I baked; and the cheese I made and the butter I churned; and me here

The contrast was too pitiful. In all her hard, meaver life she had never before

known the pangs of hunger and thirst. Her

eyes were filled and the vision was for a time

all the apples of the old house were toned

She could make out the figure of a man

tanding by the bars. It might be one of the nands, or-it might be-yes it was Abra'm!

He had turned and was going slowly toward

vard stoop of his body and that character-

istic something in the way he set his feet down as he walked,

She thought he would go in at the kitchen

loor, but he passed on around to the front orch and sat down, alone, on the steps. Presently it struck her that his head was

owed upon his hands, and that his attitude was one of deep dejection. But she was

not quite sure; he was so far away, and

longer she looked the more his fading out-

line seemed to appeal to her, until at last she was overcome with the conviction that

sorrow rather than anger ruled in her

"He ain't mad at me! I just seem to feel

gain, each frenzied effort shriller than the last; but the narrow crevice threw the greater part of the sound back into the

bent head, unhearing, until the night had thickened and shut him from her sight.

The black hours that followed were terri-le to her. Remorse, and a reawakened ble to her. Remorse, and a reawakened longing to live, and to go back to her de-serted duties, now united with hunger and thirst to torture her. In the middle of the hot, stifling night, she was forced to drain

he last swallow of milk from her bottle, and still her thirst was so great that she

ossed and mounted in the fitful bits of sleer

that came to her. Once she was awakened by a touch, a weight like that of a hand

upon her shoulder, and she started up with

a glad cry upon her Hps; but it was only her

his own corner, and she lay there with a convulsive horror upon her, watching and listening lest he return. She told herself

hat he would come back tomorrow night

when she would have less strength to righten him away; and all the nights after

when her poor body might lie there life-

ess, at his mercy.
She wondered, with an awful shuddering

wonder, whether it bould be that her soul nust linger near and witness the degrading

maddening horror of death seized her. She staggered across to the opposite bin and

nade a desperate attempt to eat one of the

it the apple lox, with her eyes at the crev-lee. But now there was a thick white fog all over the land, and no vaguest outline of

heir nest, not an arm's length away from

"Oh, hush!" she said to them, pityingly

You poor, blind little things, you don't snow how short life is, after all, and how

The small pair were struck motionless and

dumb by the mere sound of her voice, and

forgot to renew their quarrel. Presently the father bird went away to his day's work.

and the little mother settled down to the

monotony of her home duties, both un-conscious of the yearning eyes of the lone

Many times that day she crept back and

orth between the bin and the apple box.

When her head swam and her trembling

limbs gave way beneath her she would stagge; to the bin and fall upon the blankets.

but no sleep came, and no rest, and after

ime her strength so far forsook her that she could no longer mount upon the box. Then she lay and gazed at the strip of light

above the door until it seemed a streak of fire scorching her eyeballs. And all the time she was listening, listen-

tongue and lips were swollen, and a devour-

ing flame burned in her vitals. Her senses were no longer normal, and she heard sounds

and saw objects that had no existence in

orner where the rat dwelt, and her distorted

fancy magnified him into a monster of the

jungle, in the cunning of semi-delirium she made plans to frighten him and keep him at

bay, and finally, in the dark hour before dawn, she crept stealthily from the bin, whispering through her swelled los;

She clutched an armful of straw and crawled on hands and knees across the earthen floor to the sheetiron stove. Keep

ng keen watch of the dread corner, she brust the straw into the stove and groped

brought more straw, and more, until the thin

aiready hot and vitiated atmosphere of the cellar was now raised to unbearable temper-ature, and soon she succumbed to it, fall-ing upon the ground, face downward, in a mad effort to get away.

nad effort to get away. No longer fed, the straw fire languished

the redhot pipe and was blazing up, slowly at first, but ever surely. Soon the cinders began to fall into the cellar, and one struck

The hired men were awakened by the excited voice of Abraham Spencer, shouting:

"Up, boys, up! Bring water! The petate cellar's a-fire!"

He was away, with two great palls of

of the stove and the rickety pipe clear the roof were red and roaring. The

for the matches on its hearth. A scraa flash, a tiny flame, then a roar! She dragged berself to the b

"Fire! Fire will keep him away!"

f hunger and thirst was upon her

rom the bitter depths of her own experience

little it matters if things don't go just to

w, mouldy potatoes. At the first hint of morning she was again

annihilation of its erstwhile tenement.

er home was visible to her.

watcher at the crevice.

He scampered away

ill-mate the rat.

ellar, and Abraham Spencer sat still,

ain't mad at me! Oh, Abra'm!

by the softening shadows of approach

f a body's house and act as if she owned

n the lane waiting for the bars to

of a smile flashing across her face.

ike Mis' Howard said."

o concentrate her gaze.

a-starvin'

even though she should shrick

Sairy Spencer's Revolt.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

the look in her face. "I won't contradic

But how do you know you won't?

you goin' to tell Mis' Rhynearson when she

"She won't ask me."
"Well, now, I'd like to know how you

"Because I'm not goin' to give her a

and the shade dropped back to its place

a slightly dazed look in his deep-set gray

in a hard line, and he added, as he turned shortly away: "But I ain't a goin' to ask

own house, it's time for him to burn it down or blow his brains out."

Mrs. Spencer heard his heavy heels re-sounding on the hard-beaten path as he went around the house and each relentless

step seemed to grind its way into her quiv-ering nerves. Ordinarily she would have

anger had always been a dreadful thing to her. But now she opened the outer door

her. But now she opened the outer door and stood there, watching, while he brought

a horse and wagon out of the barn and drove rapidly away. When he had passed out of sight she exclaimed, bitterly:

When a man can't be master in his

Now, what in blazes could she 've

ought to have a clear understandin'

asks you where you was?

chance.

Company.) ! Now, I've got no time to feel away. I'll Abraham Spencer came up the lane from the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in his hand and mopping his face with a red cotton handkerchief. He walked stiffly and slightly bent forward from the hips, as do most hard-working men who have passed the half-century mark, but he set his heavily-shod feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical vigor as well as mental decision.

He scanned the house sharply as he approached, and his shaggy brows were drawn almost together in a frown, It was the middle of a sultry August afternoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and Abraham Spencer let go the hop vines and the green holland blinds were drawn down. watched them cluster together again, with the green holland blinds were drawn down. He tried the back door and found it fast; and though he pounded on it with his horny knuckles there was no response save a meant by that last?" he meditated unca startled "cuk cuk, cuk!" from an old hen sily. Then his flat, straight-cut lips close with a brood of downy chicks wallowing in the dust beside the steps,

"Now this is mighty strange," he muttered, perplexedly. "I wouldn't 've thought Sairy'd go away from home this way, all of a sudden. She didn't say a word about it at noontime. She's never done such a thing

before, as I know of." He stood still for a little while, medi-He stood still for a little while, medi-tatively rubbing his thumbs and foreingers edge of a window shade, for her husband's together while he pondered the unprece-

dented situation. Couldn't be asleep, I reckon," he confectured. "Never knowed her to sleep in

Nevertheless, he came down the steps and went around the house to a cham-ber window, where he parted a tangle of vines and rapped sharply on the sash Sairy!" he called, "Sairy! are you to

There was a slight sound from within as if of a creaking board beneath a careful then the shade was lifted at on side and a thin, startled, elderly face looked

What on earth's the matter, Salry' What's the house all shut up like a jail for?" demanded Abraham Spencer in a highpitched, irascible tone. "Den't you know the Rhynearsons 've been here and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'er from the north meader, and I've come clear home to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? Didn't you hear 'em knock?"
Mrs. Spencer rolled up the shade and
lifted the sash with hands that trembled.

"Come now, speak up quick," added her husband, impatiently, "for I'm goin' after 'em and bring 'em back, and I want to know what to tell 'em."
"No, no, Abra'm, don't go after 'em. Spencer dropped on her knees and

leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. She spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes h. Abra'm, I kep' 'em out a purpose.'' 'You—what?'' Abraham Spencer's tone implied that he was forced to doubt the

well for nearly three score years. kep' 'em out a-purpose. I knowed I be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mortal tired and miser'ble to care what becomes of me. I ain't able to get supper for you and the hands, let alone all that Rhypearson gang. I've worked so hard today, and I didn't sleep much last night for my rheumatiz. I'm gettin' old fast, and breakin' down, Abra'm. hold out much longer if I don't slack up a little on hard work."

up then? What's to hinder you from goin' paused at the foot of the steps and spoke to bed after breakfast and stayin' there till to her.

chickens and pigs, and milk the cows, and eyes.

"It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about. burn the butter, and clean the vegetables. and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order. You'd come out slim if I went to bed, Abra'm."

'Now, Abra'm, if you only would be a little reasonable. All I ask is that you let me slack up a bit in ways that I can There ain't no sense in us havin' so much comp'ny, how, since the girls are married and gone. Comp'ny makes so much hard care to know," said Mrs. Spencer. She work, 'specially town comp'ny. Them high leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows fivin' town folks don't care a snap for us. comp'ny, now, since the girls are married Abra'm. They just like to be cooked for and waited on, and kep over night and over Sund'y, and fed on the best of everything. from apring chicken to watermelons. Now, them Rhynearsons—"

Them Rhynearsons 're my friends.'

"Don't begin that old tune all over again.
I've heard it a many a time already. You're gettin' so you're always complainin', and if there's anything I hate it's a naggin' woman. Now, understand, I'm goin' after the Rhynearsons; I'm goin' to make 'em come back if I can. Am I to say you was away from home, or asleep, or what? It won't do for me to tell em one thing and you another, so just tell me what to say, and be quick

"Tell 'em anything you like, Abra'm, I don't care what. All I ask of you, !! you're bound to go after 'em, is that you'll stop at



"WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER. SAIRY, WHAT'S THE HOUSE ALL SHUT UP LIKE A JAIL FOR?

Selwood and get Sophrony to come over and

do the work while they're here."
"What, hire her?"
"Why, of course. You wouldn't ask a
poor girl like Sophrony to work for you for
nothin', I reckon."

"My land, Satry, how often've I got to tell you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it you'll be always wantin' help, and there's no sense in it. Why, there was my

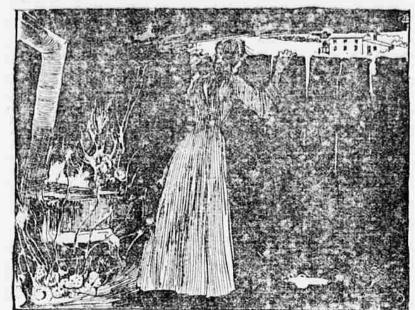
Mrs. Spencer staggered to her feet. She was a tall stoop-shouldered, weak-chested woman, her scant hair was fron gray, her hands were hardened and swelled at the joints with years of toll, and her face was

The bottle and pie were allowed to shift for themselves, and the latter poured out the last remnant of its crimson juice at the roots of a cornhill.

Presently Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened again. She could no longer hear the sound of wheels, nor any sound save the rustling millions of cornblades in the great field about her, and the voice of a m lark singing from the top of a tall charred stump near by. She sat still and rested a little while longer, then she stood up and tried to see the house; but the tasseled tell Mis' Rhynearson you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall 17" "Tell her anything you like," was the reply, in a strange, still voice that suited ops of the corn were two feet above tops of the corn were two the head. She made her way cautiously to the puter row and peerel out between the stalks. low sun beat straight into her eyes and the higher ground of the meadow, haycocks, intervened. She could see only the weather worn roofs of the house and barn. She crept back and took up her burden again of blankets, and bottle and pic, and trudged on deeper into the shelter-ing labyrinth of corn. When she had put half the width of the field between herself and the house she felt safe for the time and sat down again to rest and window sash stid down to the sill,

Her objective point was an old dugout in ne face of a stony ridge just beyond the ornfield. It had been constructed for a otato cellar, and was used only for storing hose edible tubers in winter. From March to November it was empty and forgotten, given over to rats and spiders. She had hosen it for her refuge over all the other nooks and crannies of the farm because of its isolation. No roving member objectionable "gang" would be likely to stumble upon it and discover her. But it was well up the face of the ridge and visiole from the house; so she did not think it best to risk discovery by approaching it is

She partly unrolled the blankets and lay own upon them, turning her worn face up the sky with a deep-drawn breath of res and a delicious new sense of freedom. ose environment of tall corn shut out the horse and wagon out of the barn and rove rapidly away. When he had passed ut of sight she exclaimed, bitterly:
"I'll not stand it! I'll hide myself! I'll fresher breeze that came whispering among



get out of this before he gets back with the cornblades, precursor of the coming that gang, if I drop dead in my tracks As a first and very womanish step in the execution of her resolve she sat down on Her meager frame the doorstep and cried. tin' old shook with dry, convulsive sobs, such as I can't are born of worn-out nerves, aching muscles, a lonely heart, and a starved soul, little on hard work."

She did not heed approaching footsteps,
"Well, why in thunder don't you slack and scarcely started when a neighbor

'Why, Mis' Spencer, what's the matter? "Now, Abra'm, that's what you always say, and it's so unreasonable. Who'd do the work if I went to bed? Who'd feed the

Mis' Howard. I've about got to the end of my rope, that's all. I'm tired of livin and wish to heaven I was dead this minute."

"Well, slim or no slim, I want you to either go to bed or else shut up your complainin."

"Mrs. Howard held up her hands. "Don't say that, Mis' Spencer," she remonstrated. "Now, I don't know what's gone wrong, and I haint the least notion of tryin' to find out; I only beg of you not to wish you was dead. It's such a fearful wish. We don't any of us know what death

"We all know it's rest, and that's all 1

red-rimmed, unlovely eyes. Howard, Howard, with impressive earnestness. "That's just one of the things we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis "Them Rhynearsons 're my friends." don't know the first thing about death, Mis' sternly interposed Abraham Spencer; "and so long's I have a roof over my head my friends 're welcome under it. I wouldn't 've b'lleved such a thing of you. Sairy, I haint any doubt you're tired. I'm tired, myself, most of the time; but I don't make that an excuse for slightin' my friends." "But you don't have to cook for 'em and wait on 'em, Abra'm, when you're so tired and worn out 'hat you can't hardly drag one foot after the other, and—"

"Don't heath the sold and the sun shinin' above us. Now, s'posin' you was in your grave out there in the sold after the control of the sold and the sun shinin' above us. Now, s'posin' you was in your grave out there in the sold and the sold and the sold and the sun shinin' above us. was in your grave out there in the little buryin' ground in the meader, and s'posin' you could hear the little chicks chippin' to be fed at sundown, and you not here to feed 'em; and the cows comin' up the lane to be milked, and you not here to milk 'em, and your husband 'tredign' home, slow and tired, and hungry, and you not here to get

supper for him. Do you reckon you could rest then, Mis' Spencer? "And s'posin' that after a bit you'd hear some other woman's voice a-callin' the chickens, and some other woman's hands rattlin' the stove lids around a-startin' a ire to cook supper for your husband. You'd just have to lay there and hear things goin on without your-day in and day out, year in and year out, and watch yourself crumblin' to dust. There wouldn't be much rest about that, Mis' Spencer, would there, now?"

Mrs. Spencer arose with the slow painfulstiffened rheumatic joints urned a shocked, resentful face upon her

"Mis' Howard." she said, sternly, "if found a fellow mortal in trouble, and couldn't thing of a single comfortin' thing to say to her. I'd go away and leave her alone: I wouldn't try to knock out the last prop from under her. If a body can't b'lieve in the rest that's in the grave, I'd like to know what we can b'lieve in! I never heard such scand'lous doctrine since I was born." She turned abruptly and went into the house, closing the door botween herself and her unorthodox neighbor, and listened until the sound of receding footsteps died away.

"There, I hope she's gone, with her croakin'. I was that afeard she'd hang around and hinder me too long. Land do'clock a-ready!"—as a time-piece in an inner room gave four hard, metallic strokes. She hurried into the bedroom and came ou rolling a pair of beary grey blankets into an uncouth bundle. Then she took a bettle from a shelf in the pantry and filled it with rich, sweet milk. As she put the cork in suddenly stopped and listened; ther ned the door a little way and listened

she ejaculated. "Now, if should be them, goodness help me to get into the cornfield before they come in sight!" She caught up the blankets and snatched a raspberry ple. In its the plate, from the table. Thus equipped for flight, she opened the door and went hurriedly out. At the met her in full force, fluttering around her

feet and impeding her progress. "Shoo! Shoo!" She pushed them aside with one foot, and waved the pie at them frantically; but they followed close at her skirts, with dismal chirps that went to her heart.

"Poor little things, how well they know it's their supper time. If I'd only had time to feed 'en. Like as not nebody else 'il

think to do it. hesitated and looked back at them

pityingly. But the rattle of wheels sounded closer now, and her heart hardened. She went on again, striving to redouble her speed; but the blankets were cumbersome.

ing along the furrows as if striving to steal upon her unawares, and in the purp-ling firmament above two or three pale stars took form and coldly blinked down at her a little at thought of the potato cellar and the lonely night.

may, with care for her rheumatism; and as quickly as might be she gathered up her belongings and resumed her flight. In the fast-gathering night the way to the potato cellar seemed long and rough, and when she had reached it she found it a stronghold defended by wild blackberry vines that she must tear away with her naked hands be-

jerks. Each time a blackberry vine wrenched out by the roots it brought a shower of loosened gravel upon her de fenseless head, from the crumbling banks that towered high on either side. But at last a dark aperture yawned before her wide enough to give her entrance. She wondered why she had not foreseen the need of a candle and some matches, as she groped her way within and pulled the door shut. As she did so there came a great roar and crash of falling gravel outside. It sounded a perfect avalanche, and she congratulated herself upon having escaped it. The atmosphere of the little cave-lik place was close and musty from long lack of ventilation, and Mis. Spencer found the abrupt change from the pure outer air al-mos! stifling. She decided that she must reopen the door and leave it so through the

body has the least notion where I am, why-it's 'most like bein' turied alive!" The situation was disheartening, but the

them.

For an hour or more here mental worry and her "rheumatiz" united in tormenting her, then came sleep and wood her to rest with the welcome thought of no breakfast to get in the morning, and no disturbing voice to break in upon her slumbers with the announcement of "gettin'-up time." But she dreamed, and all through her dream sounded the chirping of hungry little chickens, the lowing of unmilked cows and the slow, heavy tread of her husband's feet coming up the lane at evening time. "Tired and hungry, and you were not here to get supper for him." droned the reproachful voice of her neighbor, running like a dirge through the other sounds and making of the dream a wretched haunting nightmare.

"Drat that Mis' Howard! I'll never speak to her again," was Mrs. Spencer's first waking thought. A thin shaft of daylight with the yellow glint of a well-risen sun in it was forcing its way into the cellar through a crevice an inch wide above the door. Involuntarily Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened for the familiar sounds of her dream. But she heard only the bickering of a pair of wrens in the blackberry vines outside and the scurry of a rat that scampered across the cellar floor and plunged into his hole in

tion to her suroundings tion to her suroundings.

In an opposite bin lay some sorry looking potatoes, with long ghostly white sprouts and a winding sheet of cobwebs. Near the center of the earth floor stood a battered old sheet iron stove, with some rusty joints of pipe rising shankily to the thatched roof ten feet above. The hired men had set it up during the cold snap in March and built a fire in it to keep themselves warm while they cut potatoes for seeding. A dozen matches and a clay pipe half full of burnt obacco lay on its hearth, forgotten.

Mrs. Spencer felt a little light-headed when she stood up, and thus was brought to remember that she had eaten nothing since noon of the preceding day. She looked about for the pie and bottle of milk. The

cer looked troubled.

"Well"—a long, quivering breath—"I her bare neck, as she lay. She cried out cert'rly said I wished I was dead, but—slow with the pain, and struggled a little farther starvation is a little more'n I bargained for."

She spoke aloud, and shrank from the sound of her own voice, it was so shut-in and sepulchral. She turned to the door and and sepulchral. She turned to the door and and specific results and a pair of sleepless eyes on the old farm.

She desisted at length, and sat down on

fore she could gain an entrance.

The clumsy deor opened outward, and yielded only inch by inch to her repeated

night. But when she attempted to do she found the door immovable, held shut the night. the mass of gravel that had fallen against The discovery left her aghast.
"Why now-if I can't get out, and no

direst forebodings must yield to extreme bodily weariness, and soon she had spread her blankets on the dry straw of a potato bin and stretched her aching frame upon

latter was intact, but the former had van-ished, leaving only its tin plate as tangible evidence that it had existed. Two little and went out; but its mischief was done. The dry thatch of the roof had caught from the rat-hole in the corner, Mrs. Spendard at first, but ever surely. Soon the civilence in the context of the roof had caught from the rat-hole in the corner, Mrs. Spendard at first, but ever surely.

She spoke aloud, and shrank from the sound of her own voice, it was so shut-in and sepulchral. She turned to the door and strove now with all her strength to push it open, but it withstood the onslaught without

She desisted at length, and sat down on an upturned apple box, exhausted, and gasp-ing for breath. The place was stiding. Oh, for a breath of pure sweet air! Her out-raged lungs seemed burning in her breast, bands were hardened and swelled at the joints with years of toll, and her face was deep lined and sallow. Just now it was as near white as it could be, and a sudden hunded, desperate look had come into it, a look that stopped the words on her hunded desperate look had come into it, a look that stopped the words on her hunded at her in stern surprise and displeasure.

Her was away, with two great pails of closer now, and her heart hardened. She ing for breath. The place was stifling. Oh, for a breath of pure sweet air! Her out fairly awake. When they followed him they followed him they followed him the roof of the cellar. She opened the bottle of milk and took a and, as they approached, he suddenly leasure.

Her arms were near to breaking, and took a term the hottle of milk and took a look water in his hands, before the men were speed in proposition and the raspberry ple was shedding in the form of the raspberry ple was shedding to redouble her speed; but the blankets were cumbersore, and ther hardened. She water in his hands, before the men were speed in proposition and there are all look had come into it, a sticky juice up her sleeve.

Her arms were near to breaking, and took a fair place of the had succeeded in extinguishing the fire. She was tempted to drink it all dropped his pails and, falling upon his took welcome draught, but refrained, and there arms were near to breaking and the raspberry ple was shedding to redouble her speed; but the blankets were cumbersore, and there are the his hands, before the men were speed in the place was stifling. Oh, for a breath of pure sweet air! Her out fairly awake. When they followed him they found him on the roof of the cellar. She had been they found him on the roof of the cellar. She had been they found him on the roof of the cellar. She had been they found him on the roof of the cellar. She had been they found him on the roof of the cellar. But had been they found him on the roof of the cellar. The place was stifling on the fairly awake. When they found him on the

ways futilely, and finally, when the sweltering August sun had passed the meridian another came quivering up to bim, and was beating down mercilessly on her "My God!" he cried, springing up. "She's retreat, she gave up, and bursting into a wild fit of weeping she crept back into the bin and lay down on her blankers. down there, boys! Sairy! Run for shovels!

Oh, run! run!"
He, himself, ran like a madman, but only Hours later, when she had wept a great deal and slept a little, she opened her swol-len eyes and saw the red gold of sunset a little way; then he turned and ran as madly back to the cellar, where he attacked the fallen gravel with his hands, and beat and fore at the door until the heavy boards, all stained with his own blood, were rended from their fastenings and he had leaped into the cellar and caught up the prostrate figure he found there.

and a great longing came upon her to know how "Abra'm" and the old home were doing without her. She dragged the apple box close to the door and mounted upon it, thus It was hours afterward that Mrs. Spen cer aroused from the stupor that was upon ber and began to comprehend again the realities of life. She was in her own clean. realities of life. She was in her own clean, soft bed, and the cool breeze of evening was fluttering the hop vines at the window. She felt pain when she attempted to move, and there were bandages on her hands, her head and her neck; but the pain was not quaint sun-kissed old picture. But oh, how distant it was, how far beyond the sound of The broads meadow and the great and the soothing effect of an opiate still lingered with her. Somewhere in the outer distance she heard the faint, familiar tinkle of a cowbell, and—yes, the subdued rattle of stovelids in the kitchen. She lifted her head from the pillow to listen and work in the far north meadow, she described nd her husband sitting, silent, close bea curl of smoke rising from the kitchen chimney, a queer; ghastly litle caricature

'Who is it, Sairy? What do you want?' asked, as she felt the strange tenderness that vibrated in his rough voice 'Who's in the kitchen, Abra'm? Is it-

toyelids rattle," she whispered, "I could imagine I was dead and in my grave Mis' Rhynearson? "No. Sairy, it ain't. Mis' Rhynearson went home double-quick when she found there wasn't anyhody here to wait on her. You knowed her better than I did, Sairy. That's Sophrony Selwood in the kitchen. For a long time she stood with her eyes at the crevice, and her hands grasping the rough frame of the cellar door, watching that changing, darkening spiral of smoke. and she's goin' to stay there till she dies-Once the kitchen door opened and a woman stood for an instant in sight. The watcher r gets married." She closed her eyes to hide the starting squinted her eyes in a desperate endeavor

ears, but they forced their way through interlaced lashes. Suddenly she turned him and spoke the thought that filled you try to find me? Why didn't you come

it! I can't see how Abra'm can like them Rhynearsons so well; they're such pestiferous folks. To think of her there, a-livin' high off the fresh bread, and cakes, and "My fand! Sairy, I never once thought of the dugout. I was too busy lookin' everywhere else for you. First of all, I drove clear over to Lizy's to see if you was there. That's a good sixteen miles, you know, and calmly went to sleep with one ey shut out. When she looked again, the curling smoke was scarcely discernible and

"The crick?" wonderingly. "You know, Sairy!"-he suddenly bent ver and put his arms around her and drew her to him-'I was goin' to have the crick dragged today, and if I'd found you there, Sairy-I couldn't ever 've stood

'Pshaw, Abra'm," she whispered, chok ingly, and put up her bandaged hand to stroke the furrowed stubble of his sunburned face.

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN. PULQUE IN PIGSKIN.

Distribution of the National Booze in Mexico.

No drink has a stronger hold on any nation than pulque has on the Mexicans, says the New York Times. By Mexicans is meant all classes in Mexico, "native and to the manner born," other than the full blooded Spaniards. Those of Spanish de scent use champagne, claret, sherry and other imported wines. Among the peons, men, women and children drink pulque with the same freedom as water is used in the United States, Pulque and jealousy cause nore wounds bruises and deaths in Mexico than all the wars waged on its soil.

Before the pulque plant offers its juice to numanity it must have attained an age of from eight to eleven years. Its producing life is about five months, and each plant is supposed to yield from 125 to 160 gallons of liquor within that time. The outlay on each plant up to maturity is calculated generally at about \$2, and the return from \$7 to \$10, tecording to the size of the plant. The im-mense fields within a radius of seventy-five miles of the City of Mexico are planted and cultivated with great care and precision, as there is nothing grown in Mexico that pays better than pulque. Fields of it present an attractive appearance, laid off in almost ometries! regularity, extending almost youd the vision, until the rows seem to centrate into one plant and one point t the extreme end.

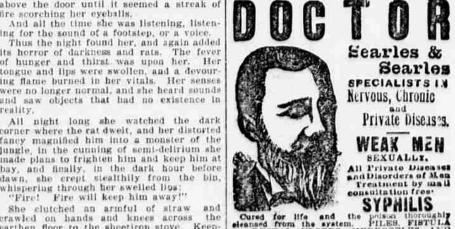
The plants are wholly independent of rain and storm, and are of a beautiful deepcreen color. It is worth a trip to Mexico says United States Consul Thomas F. Crit tenden, to see pulque plantations, the preparation of the outflow for the market and its daily introduction into the City of Mexico special train loads in "barricas," arge tierces, and by "cuercos de pulque or pigskins filled with the liquid. It is said that \$1,000 a day is paid for freight on the pecial trains for transporting this liquo to Mexico City. The tax on pulque collected at the "garritas," or gates, befor ts admission to the city, and then th iquor is distributed in the barricas and pig skins on special cars held in readiness for that purpose. Nothing presents a more ridiculous appearance than one of thes

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pigskins, containing about twenty gallons, when being taken around and through the with the liquor, and even its tall presents its wonted curl when filled. This is a conwonted curl when filled. This is a con-venient mode of handling the pulque, as by imply removing the string from

feet the contents are soon drawn. It is said that Xochitl, a Toltec woman evealed to her race in the eleventh century the method of extracting from the pulque both the delight and the curse of the Mex-

ADVENTURES OF TELEGRAPHERS.

Newfoundland that Kent Watch.

Value of Broiled Muskrat. Telegraph operators have queer experinces at times, especially at the lonely rall road stations where travel is light, hours long, and the work is done at night, hours experience meeting of sailors, so far as the varn-spinning is concerned is as mild commilk is to a tar's shore leave. Several knights of the key were sliting about a table down town after hours recently, reates the New York Sun, when the tongue began to wag about experiences. Gil Brad-ey started the ball.....

I was sent one night to sub on the Texas & Pacific at a little station called Gordon," he said. "There was one hotel of four rooms a mile from the telegrpah station, and two or three cabins about the same distance off The regular operator had his rooms over the station and freight house, where supplies were received for the coal mines miles away. It was the loneliest ever struck, but I had to work. After fix-ing things I lay down on a bench to wait for the next freight. I suppose I dozed, for I jumped up with a start at feeling a cold wet nose shoved into my face. There was C heart.

'Oh, Abra'm, it was so long! Why didn't as merrily as a buzz saw cuts through soft wood. Well, that dog ran first to the a big Newfoundland dog wagging his tall lighted lantern on the floor, then back to me 'My land! Sairy, I never once thought of and then pretty soon I began to think some thing was wrong. Up I got, and he led me Inst's a good sixteen miles, you know, and took a big slice out of the first day. Then we went to all the nelshbors' and hunted the whole place over, but none of us ever though of the dugout. I don't know why, but we didn't. Then, that night Mis' Howard come over and told me—well, what you said to her, you know, Sairy, and she—she spoke of the crick."

Operator's rooms, and back to the office, then caimly went to sleep with one eye open and one ear pricked up. I waited for the train, but before I heard it he began to bark.

"The next night the same performance. Well, after that I used to go to sleep, and for the week I was there that dog kept watch. You see, the regular was fond of sleep at night, so he could place the office, then caimly went to sleep with one eye open and one ear pricked up. I waited for the train, but before I heard it he began to bark.

"The next night the same performance, well, what you said to her, you know, and back to the office, then caimly went to sleep with one eye open and one ear pricked up. I waited for the train, but before I heard it he began to bark.

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"The next night the same performance, well, what you said to her, you know, sairy, and she—she day. I never told on him, but that was well trained dog."

'That's noe xperience," said Billy Mar "That's noe xperience," said Hilly Marshall. "There was only half a thrill in that. Why, in 1888, during the blizzard, I was holding down a night job in New Jersey. It was the dreariest spot that a railroad official could pick out for a station. It was so quiet in the daytime that you could hear the sunfight glint and at night the shadows fall. It was snowing when I went on at night and all trains were when I went on at night and all trains were blocked, and by morning I was almost buried. My lunch was long ago gone, and buried. My funch was long ago gone, and I felt like grinding my teeth into some breakfast. Dinher time came and went, supper hour passed, and no relief arrived. I chewed on lead peners and rubber bands until I felt like a girl bookkeeper. I pulled in my belt and nearly cut myself in two, but the old hunger was there just the same. So I tried to sleep, but there was no sleep with that gnawing in my stor All at once I saw three muskrats com up through a hole in the floor. was better than staryation, so I made for them with a poker, killed one and the other got away to freeze to death. fellow and dressing him didn't take long, and with wire I rigged a broiler. You bet your life the smell of that cooking rat was just great joy, and I'm no chink, either. It just tickled me so that I fell asleep and only woke up when he was so burnt that the odor nearly choked me.

"The snow plow came along soon, however, and when I got filled up sgain I was sort after all. He might not have agreed with

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S. Main Denver Express 9,35am 4.3apm Juk Hills, Mont & Fuget Snd Ex, 4,05pm 4.3apm Denver Express 4,72pm 7,55pm Nebraska Local (except Sunday), 7,45pm Lincoln Local texcept Sunday, 12,39am 2,55pm Fast Mail (for Lincoln) daily. Lenves | CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & Q. Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. | Omaha Leaves CHICAGO, MIL. & ST. PAUL, Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. | Omaha 6 20pm Chicago Limited 8:05am 11:00am Chicago Express (ex. Sunday) 3:25pm Leaves CHICAGO & NORTHWEST'N. Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 16th & Mason Sts. Omaha Eastern Express.
Vestiliated Limited.
St. Paul Express.
St. Paul Express.
Carroll & Sloux City Local.
Omaha Chicago Special.
Missourt Valley Local.

Leaves CHICAGO, R .I. & PACIFIC Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 18th & Mason Sts. | Omaha EAST. 10:40am Atlantic Express (ex. Sunday), 5:35pm 7:00pm Night Express 8:15am 4:50pm Chicago Vestibuled Limited 1:235pm 4:50pm St. Paul Vestibuled Limited 1:35pm WEST. 8:15nm. Sioux City Accommodation. 8:00pm 2:30pm. Sioux City Express (ex. Sun.) 11:55nm 6:15pm. St. Paul Limited . 9:10am Leaves | F. E. & MO VALLEY. | Arrives Omnin | Depot, 15th and Webster Sts. | Omnine 160rm. Past Mall and Express. 5:00pm 160rm. (ex. Sat.) Wyo. Ex. (ex. Mon.) 5:00pm 160rm. Fremont Local (Sundays Only). 160rm. Norrolle Express (ex. Sun.) 10:25am 16pm. St. Paul Express. 9:10am Leaves K. C., St. J. & C. B. Omaha Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. 9:05am....Kansas City Day Express..... 6:10pm 10:00pm.K. C. Night Ex. via U. P. Trans. 6:30am 2 30pm Nebraska & Kansas Limited 12:23pm 9:20pm Kansas City Express 6:00am 2 50pm Nebraska Local (ex. Sun.) 2:60am

Leaves | SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC, | Omaha | Depot, 15th and Webster Sts. |

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eaven UNION PACIFIC Omaha Union Depot, 18th & Mason Stal

.....St. Paul Limited ..

St. Paul Passenger...Sloux City Passenger... St. Paul Limited...

9:30am Kearney Express Overland Limited Span Batter & Strong Strong Limited Span Beat'ce & Strongsbar Exi 30pm. Beat'ce & Stromsto'g Ex. (ex. Sun) 5.45pm. Grand Island Express (ex. Sun.) 1.30pm. Fast Mail. 1:30pm. Fast Mull. 8:10am Leaves | WABASH RAILWAY. OmahalUnion Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. Omaha 4:30pm.... St. Louis Cannon Ball. ... 11:30am Excelsion Springs ello, is one of the most deligrappe spots in the Country to spend the Fall worths.

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